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NUGÆ METRICÆ.



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NUGÆ METRICÆ.

LONDON:
G. WOODFALL AND SON, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

NUGÆ METRICÆ:

BY

SIR H. HALFORD, BART., M.D.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1842.

418.



P R E F A C E.

MOST of the following trifles were written in the carriage, and served to beguile the tedium of many a long day spent in my professional pursuits. The resource was suggested in a conversation with the late Lord Grenville, who, after having been occupied incessantly in politics for nearly thirty years, was seized by illness, and confined to his arm-chair a great part of the remainder of his life. In this state I always found him not tranquil and cheerful only, as I might have expected from his habitual piety, but amused; and on my asking him the secret of this happy peculiarity, he answered, "I go back to my classics, Sir." The next day he sent me a copy of *His* "*Nugæ Metricæ*," printed but

not published, containing original exercises and translations, which bespeak a happy facility of composition, and a correct taste. I thought I could not do better than imitate such an example, and provide myself with a similar resource, connected with reminiscences of those early delightful studies, whenever my own power of further exertion should be terminated by age, or interrupted by such disease as might leave me in possession of my faculties.

H. H.

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NUGÆ METRICÆ.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.—COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb

Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,

To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shep'herd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,

No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hour

Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flower
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

Ritè tuum ad tumulum, dilecta Fidelia ! flores
Liliaque et violas purpureasque rosas,
Et quicquid dederit ver suavius, ordine tristi
Et nymphæ et juvenes dona suprema ferent.

Nulla leves turbare feris ululatibus umbras
Spectra, nec audebunt sollicitare locum ;
Ast hìc, fassa puella suos, et pastor amores,
Vota dabunt faciles, accipientque fidem.

Hìc nulli Lemures, obscœna Venefica nulla,
Ducent nocturnos, gens odiosa, choros ;
At Dryades, sylvæ mitissima turba, sepulcrum
Spargent rore novo, sole cadente, tuum.

Prestò erit et sociam miscere rubecula curam,
Vespere sub sero cum silet omne nemus ;
Ille, ubi cara jaces, viridi sub cespite, Virgo !
Fronibus et musco condecorabit humum.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Beloved, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Cum tempestates cœlique tonitrua terrent,
Ventorumque ruit vis, agitatque lares ;
Cum sylvas inter venando ludimus, ad te
Mens redit, ad fidam fida memorque tui.

Ah ! quoties tua forma mihi, loca sola petenti,
Obvia se comitem fert, lacrymasque ciet !
Flebilis heu ! dum vita placet, miserandaque semper,
Donec erit terris pulsus et exul Amor.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.—GOLDSMITH.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To bring repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is—to die.

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Si lapsa in vitium Virgo pulcherrima amantis
Sit serò amissam flere coactâ fidem,
Dic, quibus illâ modis possit mulcere dolorem,
Quâ labem, infelix, eluat arte mali?

Infelix! quâ sola gravem lenire dolorem,
Effugere opprobrium, dissimulare nefas,
Flectere perjuri malefidum pectus amantis,
Et lacerare potest, ars ea sola—mori.

SONG FROM THE DUENNA.—SHERIDAN.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you,
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

Then, Lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

And when they find that you have bless'd
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.

Si violare fidem mihi cor proclivius esset,
 Crede mihi, me non posse nocere tibi.
Quanquam etenim tua verba fidem me nulla ro-
 gassent,
 Fecissent fidum forma deusque tuum.
Ergo pone metus, et fraudem parce vereri,
 Neu timeas fictos in tua damna dolos :
Cunctos nempe senes inter numerabis amicos,
 Nec juvenis, qui te non amet, ullus erit.
Et cum te socio tandem devinxeris uni,
 Protenus ardentes, cætera turba, proci,
Demittent æstum stimulosque Cupidinis omnes,
 Fraternæque dabunt pignora amicitiae.

POPE'S EPISTLE TO GAY,

WHO HAD CONGRATULATED HIM ON HAVING FINISHED
HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS AT TWICKENHAM.

Ah friend ! 'tis true, this truth yon lovers know,
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow ;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens ;
Joy lives not here—to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the checquer'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses for uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds ?
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die—the arrow at his heart ;
He, stretch'd unseen, in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away !

Ah! nam quid sit amor vos scitis, dicite amantes,
Quam, procùl a dominâ, gaudia nulla juvant.
Surgat ad astra domus, simuletque palatia, frustrâ,
Hesperidum, frustrâ, suavior hortus erit.
Frustrâ, propter aquas, colles et amœna vireta
In vitreo Thamesis duplicat alta sinu.
Non hîc lætitiæ locus est, ea sola colenda
Quæ beat aspectu cara Maria suo.
Occiduo quid enim valuit mihi porticus, aut quid
Hortus et umbriferum sole oriente nemus?
Quid nisi, quod tacito mens indulgere dolori
Saucia possit in his, et sine teste queri?
Sic modò lethali transfixus arundine cervus
Sylvarum latebras, et loca tecta petit:
Ille inter gemitus miser et suspiria, tardâ
Guttatim effuso sanguine morte perit.

FROM POPE'S ESSAYS.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand upraised to shed his blood.

Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient art extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And save awhile one parent from the sky.

Anne dapes quem jàm poscunt, epulæque parandæ,
 Provida si fuerit mens sibi, ludat ovis ?
Lætus ad extremum florentia pabula carpit,
 Lambit et armatas in sua colla manus.

Sit pia cura mihi longùm invigilare senectæ,
 Et matri somnos conciliare leves ;
Quâ possim eluctantem animam leni arte morari,
 Et dulci alloquio fallere mortis iter.
Explorare velit quid mens incerta, cavere
 In cælum ut redeat senior una parens.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

Claud. Ay, but to die and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice :
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling ! 'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
Which age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. ACT III.

Attamen, heu! quam triste mori! nec quo sit
eundum

Scire priùs—positum clausâ putrescere in arcâ ;
Membrorum sisti motus, alacremque vigorem
In luteam solvi molem—quam triste! capacem
Lætitiæque jocique animam torrentibus uri
Ignibus, aut montis* claudi glacialis in alveo ;
Suspensumve dari ventis, noctesque diesque
Hùc illùc, invisâ vi, turbantibus orbem.
Aut graviora pati, quam, quos cruciatibus actos
Tartareas implere feris ululatibus umbras,
Anxia mens hominum, mirum et miserabile !
finxit—

Horrendum ! quòdcunque mali ferat ægra senectus,
Pauperiesve dolorve gravis, tractæve catenæ,
Omnia quæ possunt infestam reddere vitam,
Esse voluptates lætæ Elysiumque videntur
Spectanti mortem propè, venturumque timenti.

* An iceberg.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep—
To sleep !—perchance to dream ; ay, there 's the
rub ;
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Num vivam, moriarve omnis! præstantius utrum
 Esset, id in dubio est—num tela deceret iniquæ
 Fortunæ, plagasque pati—num opponere pectus
 Torrenti, finemque malis adhibere domando.
 Quippe, mori—dormire,—interque oblivia somni
 Quot mala cunque silent vitæ, sævique dolores
 Diffugiunt: miseris meta exoptanda laborum.
 Quippe, mori—dormire—esto, dormire—sed ultrà
 Quid? quod si excipiant lethalem somnia noctem,
 Cum semel exuerit vitiosæ carnis amictum
 Conscia mens, culpasque vacet revocare priores,
 Quotquot longa dies, nimium, fors, longa tulisset—
 Hinc desiderium, terrorque hinc temporis acti!
 Ni foret, annorum casus questusque senectæ,—
 Turpe supercilium, atque odium crudele tyranni,
 Ambagesque moramque fori, fastusque superbi
 Prætoris, spretique immitia tormina amoris,

The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET. ACT III.

Jactaque ab indignis convicia fœda merenti,
Quis tulerit ? quis qui miseram sibi sistere vitam
Posset acu ? quis clitellas sudare vehendo
Se sineret fessum ? nisi quod mens inscia fati,
Et perculsa metu venturi littore in illo
Unde redux nemo, vestigia nulla retrorsùm,
Hæreat, et notos mallet perferre labores,
Quam temerè in tenebras ruere, ignotumque
futurum.

Sic facit ignavos omnes mens conscia, forti
Si quid inest animo durum, et par fortibus actis,
Protenùs ambiguæ meditantì grandia curæ
Succedunt, validæ vires et mascula virtus
Pallescunt—incerta sibi mens quo sit eundum
Ægra manet, tandemque ingentibus excidit ausis.

LINES WRITTEN BY LANGHORNE UNDER MR. BUN-
BURY'S PICTURE OF THE DEAD SOLDIER.

[Sir Walter Scott had, once only, an interview with the poet Burns, whom he found wiping his eyes, having just read these lines.]

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps, that mourner weeps her warrior slain.
Bends o'er her babe, her eyes o'erwhelm'd with
dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years—
The child of misery baptized in tears.

LANGHORNE.

Stricta gelu, lacrymisque madens, post proelia
mater

Infantem tenero dum fovet alma sinu,
Vulneribus cæsum dolet heu ! viduata maritum,
Et tam dilecto se superasse viro.

Incumbit puero lacrymans, puer inscius ipse
Combibit admixtum lac lacrymasque simul,
Ah ! puer, ah ! luctûs præsagia certa futuri,
Nasceris in lacrymis, et moriere miser.

ON A WHITE ROSE PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, A YORKIST, TO THE LADY ELIZABETH BEAUCHAMP, A LANCASTRIAN LADY—AS THE LEGEND HAS IT.

If this white Rose offend thy sight,
 It in thy bosom wear,
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,
 And turn Lancastrian there.

CONGREVE is said to have added the following stanza :—

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
 To kiss it should'st thou deign,
 With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
 And Yorkist turn again.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY NAMED ROSE.

Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles
 Choses ont le pire destin ;
 Et Rose vécut comme les roses
 L'espace d'un matin.

MALHERBE.

Si, mea Cara ! tibi rosa non arriserit alba,
Pone tuo nivibus candidiore sinu.
Tùm, minùs alba, dabit manifesti signa pudoris,
Atque erit ante oculos mox rosa rubra tuos.

Tu cave purpureis formosi gratia floris
Eliciat labris oscula crebra tuis,
Invida ne tanto vultusque orisque decore
Palleat, et fiat, quæ fuit, alba rosa.

Ah Rosa ! fata vocant et quicquid amabile, quic-
quid

Formosum, aut præstans sit, cadit ante diem ;
Tuque peris, velutè rosa, flos suavissimus horti,
Una dies flori contigit, una Rosæ.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.—COLERIDGE.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
To heav'n the opening bud convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

Ante nefas gemmæ quam decussisset honorem,
Aut possent curæ surripuisse decus,
Lenitèr ad cœlum facili mors transtulit ictu,
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.

EPIGRAM BY DR. DODDRIDGE, ON HIS MOTTO,
DCM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

Live while you live, the Epicure would say,
And snatch the pleasures of the present day ;
Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord ! in my view let both united be !—
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee !

Dr. Johnson called this one of the best epigrams
in the English language.

DEM VIENTE. UTAMUR.

Carpe voluptates, et dum hora arripe iunctas

Quot ferat hora fugax ; sic Epicurus ait.

Carpe diem, magnâ testatur voce Sacerdos.

Et totum corpus cede animamque Deo.

Sit tua iussa sequi, Deus o ! mihi summa voluptas.

Tum laudem merito letus utrique dabo.

TWO OF THE REJECTED STANZAS OF GRAY'S ELEGY
IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

And thou ! who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate ;

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

SEE MASON'S LIFE OF GRAY.

Tuque memor ! sortem ingenuo qui carmine narras
Functorum vitâ, temerè et sine honore jacentûm
Cum contemplari juvet, et, crescentibus umbris,
Nocte sepulcorum solus peragrarè recessus,

Audin' ? ut hîc sancto afflatu, tranquillior æther
Temperet effrænos animi quoscunque tumultus,
Dum tenue assurgens viridi de cespite murmur
Dat grata æternæ tandèm præsagia pacis.

Thomas ! because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed :—Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God : Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

JOB.

Tu, quæ videtur cæcis—felicius ille
Cui non vis fieri videretur cæcus.

Esse Redemptorem agnovit circumspice cæcurn
Jus. Eo quodvis sine fineque cæc.
Et licet abstinere potest, saltem repositus.
Veritas, hæc tibi parte manente mei.
His oculis, tamen. his ipsis, coramque licet,
Vestis quo iterum carne, videre Deum.

LINES SUGGESTED BY MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE
OF BUONAPARTE,

IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

[Buonaparte is represented as standing at the edge of the rock at St. Helena, with his arms folded,—contemplating a white sail in the horizon. His back turned towards the spectator—the sun setting.]

Tristis, iners, solusque abrupto in limite rupis,
Stat circumspiciens Exul, si fortè ratem quam
Unda vehat, reditûs spem, perfugiumque ferentem.
Circùm cuncta silent, non vox, non murmura ponti
Percepta, occiduas dum Sol se condit in undas.
Ah miser!—Ille diem referens vitamque resurget
Splendidior cras, mane novo—Tu sanguine fuso,
Criminibusque satur, solio detrusus ab alto,
Divulsusque tuis, velutì sub rupe Prometheus
Fixus inaccessâ, morbo vexatus et irâ
Conficiêre, miser! mortemque optabis acerbam.

EPIGRAM.

The envious snows came down in haste
To prove her neck less fair—
But when they found themselves surpass'd,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

Invida nix alpina Chloes candoris in ipsum
Descendit nudum præcipitata sinum,
Tum victæ aspectu, quin ! O ! quin cedimus, aiunt— .
Continuò in lacrymas dissoluere nives.

THE FOLLOWING LATIN INSCRIPTION WAS GIVEN
BY DR. JORTIN AS AN ANTIQUE, TO TRY THE
CRITICISM OF THE LEARNED.

Quæ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt Pæta juventâ
Ah! utinâm me crudelia fata vocent,
Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina Solis,
Utque tuus rursùm corpore sim posito.
Tu cave Lethæo continguas ora liquore,
Et citò venturi sis memor, oro, viri.
Te sequar obscurum per iter, dux ibit eunti
Fidus amor, tenebras lampade discutiens.

DR. JORTIN.

TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

Ah ! Pæta, would but fate, whose cruel doom
Condemns thy charms so early to the tomb,
Let me be number'd with the silent dead,
And mine be re-united with thy shade !
O, let no drop of that oblivious sea
Approach thy lips, nor cease to think on me.
I come ! I come ! Love shall his torch display,
Lead where thou art, and light the gloomy way.

H. H.

FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my share,
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hopes, (for pride attends us still,)
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill ;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from which at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O ! blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine ;
How blest is he, who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour, with an age of ease.

Inter tot curas, luctusque ubicunque ferendos,
 Tot mala missa homini, pauca nec ista mihi,
 Sperabam hâc tandem metam reperire laborum,
 Et serò ad notos posse redire focos,
 Lentus ubi et tutus tererem moderatiùs horas,
 Et facerem placidos tardiùs ire dies.
 Utque, aliis præstare, placet juvenique senique,
 Sperabam agricolis grandia docta loqui.
 Quod fando audissem, et vidissem, stante coronâ,
 Omnia magniloquis enumerare modis.
 Utque lepus canibus pressus vestigia flectit,
 Vixque locum repetit, cœperat undè fugam,
 Sic ego, tot passus peregrino in littore casus,
 Nota peto moriens tecta meosque lares,
 O ! tranquilla quies, languenti grata senectæ,
 Quam tamen Omnipotens noluit esse meam.
 Felix cui licuit juveni exercere labores,
 Vallibus his tutos, otia longa seni.

Who quits a world, where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep.
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate.
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

Cui vitæ illecebras, nullâ virtute domandas,
Fallere in his umbris, rite triumphus erat,
Non jubet ille inopem penetrare in viscera terræ,
Neu ponti, pro re, dira pericla pati.
Illius occlusas fractis morboque fameque,
Non sedet auratus janitor ante fores.
Sancta placent sibi sola, Deus virtutis amico
Annuit, ad finem prospicit ille suum.
Tandem adeò facili lapsu descendit avitum
In tumultum, gressus sustinet alma fides ;
Cuncta senescenti rident, optataque cœli
Gaudia supremam percipit ante diem.

ANOTHER PASSAGE, FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
Here, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place.
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour.
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose board descending swept his aged breast.
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd.

Has propter sylvas, ubi quondam floruit hortus,
Et rosa floret adhuc plurima sponte suâ,
Hic ubi sparsa locum monstrant arbustula passim,
Sancta ministrantis tecta stetero senis.
Egregiè carusque suis gratusque propinquis,
Et contentus agri fœnore dives erat.
Maluit innocuam ruri consumere vitam,
Nec tulerit caris fidus abesse suis,
Corruptæ quid enim Romæ fecisset, ubi artes,
Nesciret fictas ambitione malâ,
Illi longè aliud visum est, humilique placebat
Tollere humo miseros, et dabat ipse locum.
Nota fuit cuicunque domus sua rure vaganti,
Admonet errantes, hospitiumque parat.
Sæpe refectus erat dudùm notissimus Iras,
Cui canum attigerat squallida barba sinum.
Et nunc pauper egensque, agnati nomine, parcam
Prodigus implorans accipiebat opem,

The broken soldier, kindly bad to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe.
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,

Miles et emeritus, narrando prælia longam

Fallebat noctem, garrulus ante focum—

Enumerabat enim martis discrimina, clavumque.

En ! ait attollens, en ! ita victor eram.

Hospitibus pastor lætus sperabat eorum

Crimina tam magnis esse pianda malis.

Immemor et vitiorum ergò, et virtutis, amicâ

Quærebat casus voce, dabatque prius.

Sic illi miseris succurrere summa voluptas

Immeritis quanquàm sæpe tulisset opem.

At vocat officium—promptus recreare labantes

Spem fovet afflictis, invigilatque toris.

Utque suos, quocunque modo, conscendere in
altum,

Allicit imbelles sedula mater aves ;

Sic iter ad cælum panditque docetque monendo,

Increpitatque moras duxque comesque viæ.

En ! sacer ad lectum moriens quò sternitur æger,

Et dolor et luctus anxia corda premunt,

Pastor adest, funditque preces—fugere dolores

Infandi et tristes disparuere metus—

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place.
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd.

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had place in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

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EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Take, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear—

Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave !
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care

Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave,
And died—Does youth, does beauty read the line ?

Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?
Speak, dead Maria !—breathe a strain divine,
Even from the grave, thou shalt have power to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee,
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
'Twas even to thee ; yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids ' the pure in heart behold their God.'

MASON.

Accipe dilectam super omnia, Terra ! Mariam,
Quam dederat nuper, deripuitque Deus !
Bristolis comitem ad fontes, tristi omine, duxi
Incubuit lymphis ægrè, obiitque diem.

Si tua formosæ, si firmâ ætate puellæ,
Commoveant animo tristia fata metus,
Eloquere O ! tu namque potes divinitùs, ipso
Eloquere e tumulto, cara Maria, tuis.

Dic sint innocuæ, claræ pietate, pudore,
Dic fidæ et gratæ sint, similesque tui,
Et, si te formâ referant, virtute, decore,
Si vel amicitia, sint vel amore pares.

Agnoscas durum esse mori, plenumque timoris,
Væ ! tibi erat durum fata suprema pati !
His actis, cœli pandit se gloria sanctis,
Et coram Omnipotens conspiciendus adest.

COWPER MET WITH THE FOLLOWING EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY A HUSBAND ON HIS WIFE, IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD, AND THOUGHT IT TOUCHING.

Thou wast too good to stay on earth with me,
And I not good enough to go with thee.

Eriperis, tu ! sancta satis succedere cœlo—

Me miserum ! tecum non meruisse mori.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST CANTO IN HUDIBRAS.

Sir Hudibras—his passing worth—
The manner how he sallied forth—
His arms and equipage are shewn—
His horse's virtues, like his own.—
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Begins—but breaks off in the middle.

Qualis Eques! quantusque Hudibras, præque omnibus esset—

Quo prodire modo placuit—queis utier armis,

Quali vectus equo, simili virtute parique

Ipsi animo.—Congressus atrox Ursæque Cremonæque

Incipit, at medio tamen in sermone fatiscit.

INSCRIPTION—FOR A MAUSOLEUM.

Stranger ! by curious contemplation led,
Whoe'er thou art, this solemn scene to tread,
May no compunctious visitings annoy,
No unrepented sins thy peace destroy,—
No passing day wound with a Parthian dart,—
But ev'ry hour fresh blessedness impart !
Yet,—should some vice, indulged without control,
Peril thy future bliss, enthrall thy soul,
O ! go not hence till thou hast sternly vow'd
To sin no more—to thy Creator bow'd
In contrite sorrow, and His aid implored,
Who died—that sinful man to God might be
restored !





